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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

BROTHERHOOD.

When in the even ways of life
The old world jogs along,
Our little colored flags we vaunt,
Our little separate selves we vaunt,
Each pipes his native song.
And jealousy, and greed and pride
Join their ungodly hands,
And this round lovely world divide
Into opposing lands.

But let some crucial hour of pain
Sound from the tower of time,
Then consciousness of brotherhood
Wakes in each heart the latent good
And men become sublime.
No swarming insects of the night
Fly when the sun bursts in,
Self fades before love's radiant light,
And all the world is kin.

God, what a place this world would be
If that uplifting thought,
Born of some vast world accident,
Into our daily lives were blent,
And in each action wrought!
But while we let the old sins flock
Back to our hearts again,
In flame, and flood, and earthquake shock,
Thy voice must speak to men.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *in the Nautilus.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1912. NUMBER 3.

DARWINISM.

When first the unflowering Fern-forest
Shadowed the dim lagoons of old,
A vague unconscious long unrest
Swayed the great fronds of green and gold,

Until the flexible stem grew rude,
The fronds began to branch and bower,
And lo! upon the unblossoming wood
There breaks a dawn of apple-flower.

Then on the fruitful Forest-boughs
For ages long the unquiet ape
Swung happy in his airy house
And plucked the apple and sucked the grape,

Until in him at length there stirred
The old, unchanged, remote distress,
That pierced his world of wind and bird
With some divine unhappiness.

Not Love, nor the wild fruits he sought;
Nor the fierce battles of his clan
Could still the unborn and aching thought
Until the brute became the man.

Long since. . . And now the same unrest
Goads to the same invisible goal,
Till some new gift, undreamed, unguessed,
End the new travail of the soul.

—*A. Mary F. Robinson.*

"Moral Stamina of College Youth" is the title of an editorial in the *Literary Digest* of August 24th. It quotes from the *Congregationalist* facts and figures that go to show that "The clear and vigorous outlook of the parents who founded our great Northwest is being renewed in the children," and that the "stamina and stuff" are in these college boys ready for the test of life.

At the recent reunion of the old Sixth Wisconsin Battery, in which the senior editor of UNITY served as a private, forty-two survivors reported in person or by letter. The youngest of these boys has turned sixty-five, the oldest is well up in the 80's. The four years that compassed their service on the military line counts but a tenth or less of their mature lives. The forty-seven years of peace have tested the stuff out of which they were made more severely than the four years of war.

That is an interesting analysis of Congress which Chester Lloyd Jones makes in the September *Twentieth Century*. Out of thirty-seven representatives in Congress from Indiana and Ohio only four are not native born. America monopolizes all but eleven of the four hundred and eighty-one seats in Congress. But the emphasis should be put in the right place. Let us say that eleven of the nation's law-makers were born outside the nation's limits and the states that are most free from the tyranny of birth are those who stand on the picket lines of progress.

The alignment at the Wisconsin primaries is instructive. The "stand-patter" candidate of Democracy, the man who made a campaign issue on the repeal of the Income Tax, over-leaped his Progressive opponent two to one. The explanation seems to be that the stand-patters, the reactionary members in the Republican camp, made common cause with their brethren on the Democratic side. This is as it should be. When real issues divide the community then, and not until then, may be expected real progress and triumphs that count.

The training of children, the nursing of the sick, the taking care of the dependent and the defective, is by common consent primarily woman's work, and these represent the growing tasks of an enlightened nation. Notwithstanding the humiliating percentage of the nation's revenue now going to maintain the aristocracy of war and its entanglements, the problem of the school, the asylum, the hospital and the sanitation of communities, represent the central things in municipal, state and national governments. It is time we stopped prating of "woman's rights" and began to cry "out of the depths" our "need of woman's help."

The Chicago *Tribune* in an editorial of refreshing frankness and plainness of speech, comments upon a "Shameful Monument," which is Fort D. A. Russell of the state of Wyoming. It was originally built to protect the building of the Union Pacific Railway, and there has been in these years, according to the *Tribune*, absolutely no excuse for its maintenance except this, "that Congress has poured so much public money into the plant." It further goes to show that there is no reason to situate troops there where the cost of maintenance is at a maximum, and yet five millions of money has been invested there. It calls this fort "the 'pork' of Senator Warren," whatever that may mean. We join with *Collier's Weekly* and the Chicago *Tribune* in calling attention to the in-famous fort and demand more publicity on these lines.

"The Ohio defeat" of the woman's cause is but another stepping stones toward victory. Nothing is sadder in the history of progress than the over-confident attitude of its friends, which springs of course from an inadequate estimate of the enemy. The true general carefully seeks to know the full weight of the enemies' forces. The crowd that gathers 'round the automobile orator, the enthusiasm of beribboned audiences, takes inadequate notice of that dead weight of conservatism which represents the militant ethics in state-craft, and the brutal combinations of the greed for money and the lust of drink. The "United Societies" perhaps find their national executive headquarters in Cincinnati. The beer and whiskey combine in Ohio brought about the disappointing result. Easy as it is to dispose by argument of the out grown cry that "ballots go with bayonets and bullets," still the logic of the military obtains at the polls, and the man who exploits the gun and champions the cannon is a foe of woman's suffrage, however brilliantly he may argue for the other side. Don't get discouraged, sisters. Take a new hold and conserve your forces for a longer pull.

Coming Together

The approach of the working season in our churches is brought home to the editorial sanctum by the arrival of announcements, engagements and programs of religious conferences, etc. We are inclined to make it a significant sign of the times that in Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan joint conferences and conventions of the Unitarian and Universalist organizations are being arranged for.

In Iowa the first of these joint conventions is to be held in Des Moines, October 1, 2 and 3, and a carefully elaborated eight-page program is at hand. The Universalists meeting is their Seventieth Annual Session, the Iowa Unitarian Association, only half as old, meets for its Thirty-fifth Session. These two bodies will hold separate sessions to consider their particular and denominational concerns, but they will meet in common sessions for the consideration of the more practical problems, and their more spiritual interests which are identical. The Rev. George Dodson, recently elected to the sociological chair of the Meadville Theological School, Dr. Marion Shutter, president of the Universalist National Convention, give evening sermons. This fraternal gathering closes Thursday evening with a fitting banquet, over which the Rev. Eleanor Gordon will preside. A Jewish rabbi, two women and the Rev. Arthur M. Judy, who probably has a right to be considered the dean of the liberal clergy of Iowa, are announced as speakers. Among the thought questions to be discussed are the following: Is it Possible to Make the Ethics of Jesus the Controlling Principles in Modern Life? The Housekeeper's Opportunity for Missionary Work. The Church as a Vital Force in the Community, etc.

Programs for the conference in Michigan, which is going to meet in Grand Rapids, October 15 to 17, and the Wisconsin meeting, which is to be the guest of the Unitarian Church at Madison, Wisconsin, October 22 to 24, have not yet reached our desk.

The Unitarians and Universalists have been coquetting with each other for many years, particularly in the West. These joint meetings are no novelty. Over forty years ago the editor of UNITY helped arrange for such a gathering in Wisconsin. But that these three states should be moved, quite independent the one of the other, in this direction in the one month of October, 1912, is to our mind a good omen. The logic of the situation is inexorable. Synthetic movement among religious organizations is manifest in every direction, and these bodies, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose, who agree on more points and differ on fewer points, perhaps, than any other two of the so-called "sects of Christendom," are called by the prophecies which they affect by the Gospel to the propagation of which they are committed, to take the lead in this direction. If the Unitarians and Universalists historically interpreted mean anything, they mean brotherhood. If there is anything significant in the phrase "Liberal Christianity," it means co-operation for fundamental things, and if Liberal Christianity is to be interpreted by its prophets, as well as by its history and by the fundamental logic of the situation, it means liberal religion, an interpretation of the spiritual life where the verities of Judaism, Christianity and the other great world faiths, strike hands in the interest of the common demands of ethics, the universal longing of the soul, the ultimate setting forth of the faith that reconciles man to man and all to the providence of the Eternal, the revelations of God in history, and the witnesses of the Spirit that make truth, love and justice the ultimate quests of the soul and the adequate foundation for religious co-operation and the corporate life of the Spirit.

The Gary Idea

We wish it were possible for a competent representative of the Board of Education of every city in the United States with a population of over ten thousand, to visit the city of Gary, Ind., and to stay there long enough to acquaint themselves not only with the mechanics, but with the spirit of the public school system inaugurated in this new city by the inventive brain of Superintendent Wirt.

We say "representative of the School Board," for the Gary idea will encounter much more opposition at the hands of the laymen who represent the business end of our educational systems, than of the principals

and superintendents who deal with the pedagogical problems concerned. To the well informed principals and superintendents there is not much that is unique in the Gary idea, no principle involved that has not received recognition at the hands of competent teachers everywhere for some time.

Whatever is novel in the Gary School idea is deeply founded in an ideal. Primarily it is a thought, an intangible commodity, but secondarily it is a plan, nay a plant. It cannot be realized without the co-operation of the architect and the consent of "The Board," which often justifies the boy's definition of "a board is a thing narrow and thin and long, and made of wood."

It is not within the limits of an editorial to expound the Gary idea. Fortunately it has been expressed and expounded from the inside in type and by pictures, and doubtless this expression can be readily obtained on application, with the adequate stamp consideration, to the Superintendent of Schools, Gary, Indiana. We can here but note a few of the obvious characteristics without attempting to show the co-ordination of the same in a rational and working idea.

The child on entering the Gary school is not assigned a seat over which he is to exercise proprietorship, and to which he is to be more or less tyrannically glued for a year, but instead he is assigned a locker, where he is to keep his personal effects, books, clothing, pencils, etc. The desk, which he occupies during a study period of an hour and a half, when vacated, will be occupied by another child for a similar period. So that as a matter of fact the same school room outfit serves a much larger number of children than in our conventional grade system. Here is a real economy which ought to appeal to the Board.

At Gary the "out of doors" is not an escape from school discipline and privileges, but a welcome part thereof, and generous periods are assigned to the outdoor training and development of the child. The play becomes a part of the educational system and is pedagogically directed by teachers trained for the purpose.

At Gary the "shop" is not an accessory to the educational system, but an essential part of it. They don't play at the crafts, making toys and trinkets, but they do the real things, things that have commercial value and meet economic wants. Last year the shops of the Gary school built the furniture for the new building in process of erection, saving the school board many hundreds of dollars in expense.

At Gary the old fast definition of grades is broken up and the line of demarkation between teachers is not a horizontal line of age or intellectual advancement, but the perpendicular line of scientific division. Geography, mathematics, language, etc., are taught by specialists.

At Gary the technical "day," that begins at 9 a. m. and ends at 3 or 4 in the afternoon, is ignored. Pupils come early and stay late, because they enjoy the fun. Every hour is full of action and pleasure. When the season permits they come as early as 7:30 and stay until 5 or 5:30 o'clock. The various teachers have their periods that recognize a working limit. During the Gary day there are swimming lessons, tennis and croquet games, plenty of outdoor gymnastics, walks to the woods, chairs to make, sleds or boats to finish, etc., etc.

At Gary the "social center" quality of the school is recognized. The school building and the campus form the natural social center of the community and are used, during the day for walks among the flowers or exercise on its ample playgrounds; during the evening, in addition to the night schools that are the need as well as the pleasure of an industrial community, there are debates, lectures, singing classes and dances. In or near the playground are the Public Comfort Stations located there for economic as well as geographic reasons.

In Gary the campus of the school where this idea has been worked out, covers five acres of ground, and the new school that goes into operation this fall is to occupy, we believe, thirteen acres of ground.

At Gary you will be told that all this is practical; that the idea is reconcileable with the economic anxieties of the taxpayers.

At Gary the innovations here alluded to, and many more that we cannot mention, do not seem fanciful. They are workable. The demonstrations already reached fill the teachers and patrons with pride and large confidence in the future. There they tell you that they have but just begun.

In Gary there is much more to be seen and studied than is hinted here, in the report of the one who gave the graduating address to the class last June. A large number of those graduates were eligible to high grade colleges and universities, some of them with advanced standing.

This reporter has testified only to what he saw and hinted at what he felt.

If the reader cannot go to Gary, then send for reading matter and put down Gary in the list of things to watch and wait for further developments.

IN SLEEP.

Not drowsihood and dreams and mere idlers,
Nor yet the blessedness of strength regained,
Alone are in what men call sleep. The past
My unsuspected soul, my parent's voice,
The generations of my forbears, yea,
The very will of God himself are there
And potent—working: so that many a doubt
Is wiped away at daylight, many a coil
Washed cleanlier, many a puzzle riddled plain.
Strong, silent forces push my puny self
Toward unguessed issues, and the waking man
Rises a great heart where a slave lay down.

—*Richard Burton.*

THE PULPIT

A Journey From Orthodoxia

EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

IV. The Day of Real Religion

However we may have felt in regard to the previous sermons on this journey from Orthodoxy, some of us may feel that this last one is the least satisfactory. When the demand of such a subject as we have chosen is simply that of describing a process or diagnosing the evils and dangers attending it, the task is comparatively easy. But to deliberately take Orthodoxy for granted and take it as a passing phase of modern religion and assume that there is a day of real religion very different from it, not only gives to us a positive task, but one in which we shall find it very hard to satisfy the ideals of all. Real religion is as debatable as the true church. There is in addition a certain profanity in the task. Its deepest and best elements seem too sacred to debate upon. We do not love to discuss a sunset and real religion belongs to the same character of spiritual enjoyment.

We may all have been in the evening hours of Orthodoxy, all have known its darkness and its dangers, but we may differ may widely in our conception of the day of real religion. For this reason I am anxious that we should not approach this subject in any spirit of dogmatism or over-certainty as to the character of that day. Some of us will be sorely tempted to have this journey from Orthodoxy end in our particular church or at the doors of our particular form of philosophy. It is fundamental to our own enjoyment of the day that we keep our minds very open in their approach. In the Anniversary sermon which was preached at the Boston Unitarian meetings recently by Professor Jacks of the Hibbert Journal, great stress was laid upon the thought that real religion always came as a surprise. There is nothing stereotyped about the religion that is real. "Every good man is a new creation. There is something about him for which we are not prepared."

There is no denial of the truth won, or of the stationary in religion, but it is a call for the recognition of the oft-forgotten truth that truth itself, reality itself, is change. We see how the real religion of Jesus had all of this surprising element about it. He did not preach the things that the people expected he would preach; he did not do the signs that people expected the Messiah would do. He was wholly different from their conception of him. We are reminded how that even his mother was bewildered at him. John the Baptist was so surprised that he almost lost faith in him, and was obliged to quiet his mind with a special message: "Art thou he that should come?" He "refused to be niched" we are told. If he was called "Good," he repudiated it. The Christ is never what the majority of men think. Men say, Lo here, and Lo there, but in an hour that ye know not of—wholly as a surprise—the Son of Man will come.

We can all see the temptation of a subject like this to lay down the rules and features of the new religion. The land is full of prophets who dare to tell us what will be the next step in religion. They say that they know. They never dream that God may take them unawares. Professor Jacks pointed out most brilliantly how the religion of the Hebrews was a religion of constant wonder. To them continually God's ways are "most marvelous." The soul is "astonished," the goodness is "unsearchable," and most of the policy of the Most High is "past finding out." We have passed in our journey the hours of darkness, and we are on the lookout for dangers, but it will be easy to blunder here and think that the five points of Unitarianism may adequately meet the five points of Calvinism. As against Orthodoxy we have a simple formula to express our faith, but our danger is to call the new expression of our religion the real religion, forgetful of the eternal fact that religion under the new creed as under the old creed is always face to face with the unsearchable ways of God. Let us call it the first thought of real religion that the ways of God are marvelous and if the future can in any way carry out the ways of the past, the coming religion will be something very different from our expectations. Very many of us are apt to join that form of religion which we think will be the coming religion and we may be right, but along with our sense of discrimination and judgment of the most progressive religion there should ever be the feeling that the Kingdom of God is usually made up of the least likely people. The Publicans and sinners sometimes enter where the saints are left outside; they come from east, west, north and south before they come from our church; socialist and undesirable immigrant before republican and son of the Puritans.

To speak of the day of real religion as a day coming after the day of Orthodoxy may in the eyes of some seem to slight Orthodoxy as if in it there was no real religion. What is there that is unreal in Orthodoxy? What is there that is unreal as religion in any Orthodoxy, radical or evangelical? The very fact that Orthodoxy? is a system of ideas rather than an inspiration for a full religious life, that it is primarily a theology, that prevents us from calling it real religion. Of course there is a great deal of real religion in Orthodoxy, much of which does not really arise from Orthodoxy. It is a common virtue or fault just as we view it, that in evangelical Orthodoxy many men and women are better than their creeds. They live above them or do not live up to them. Orthodoxy saves only a few of the human race; the vast majority are damned, but in spite of the horrible nature of the God who could do such things Orthodoxy yet proclaims its message as a "Gospel," and the dark teaching is glided over and as much as possible forgotten. All the real religion in Orthodoxy cames in this way, not from the old creeds of the churches but from the creeds of the best lives. The divine beauty of human nature shows itself and by the laws of human gods within they all live. If we could all live intensely in this religion of the present we could all come to some understanding of the day of real religion. Even in its imperfect strivings we shall see some of its features. For example, I think that the plane of its life will be so high that intolerance and unessentials will have no place whatever. The man of real religion goes far away from the little creeks and cramped harbors where most of us lose the real touch with life. Oh, so many of us are living on the trivial things of life, we do not lift our eyes to the hills, we do not feel the immensity of life's purpose. In real religion there is continually the sense of the bigness and immensity of life. And it is on the large things that unity is so much easier. Our heritage is the wide, wide sea, the everlasting hills, the deep,

deep spiritual life, the great, great God. A man cannot help being liberal in spirit where this heritage is truly his. He may not be radical, he may not be conservative, for there is a liberalism that combines both of these qualities in a stability and a constant movement. It is our language that fails us here, some may think that also our logic fails, but the spirit of life at its highest does not always ask permission of either to be. The true liberal will share the passion of the radical, the bravery and honesty and mystic earnestness. He will view with the spirit of understanding and sympathy and will be just the same as far as his spirit of love will permit. He will at times understand the character of the radical's warfare better than the radical himself. He will proclaim the truth, but always in love; he will be brave but always with reason, he will be passionate but always with patience. He will not delight in making others to stumble, he will be loyal to the spirit of truth above the forms of truth. Because all denial has in it the seeds of falsehood, he will only affirm and be thus among the best loved of men, wide, high, deep and as great as God.

I think that in this day of real religion its experience will be what is now called wholly spiritual. A man is yet a victim of the dangers of the dawn if he does not come to the hour when all life becomes spiritually holy and its purpose sacred. It is not enough that our conceptions of life become scientific. The clarifying influences of the great evolutionary teachers of a score of years ago are not to be regretted, but a man is a long way from the day of real religion if he only has given up Paley for Huxley. The men who only have that kind of religious statement today are apt to be found among our so-called cranky ones; they lack the roundness and breadth of full religion; their science is a kind of insanity and the beauty of holiness is so much mythology to them. It is a fine thing to have the scientific basis for our religion, it is a fine thing to know and firmly hold the ethical principles of life, but there is more than that,

> "Nobler yet shall duty grow,
> And more shall worship be,
> When thou art found in all our life,
> And all our life in thee."

It would seem that the day of real religion will show more reality than the old day of Orthodoxy had it in its power to show, in that it will express more the spirit of the man than the spirit of his traditions. Every man who comes to his own vision soon finds that he is no longer ashamed to confess that he lives by faith. It is no longer unscientific for him to confess it. All the time he will be in the presence of things and life that he does not understand. The ways of God, the ways of man will be marvelous.

It is always of interest to ask whether a liberal religion, advanced in its thought can or ought to produce a more religious man or woman? Many of us hesitate, however loyal we be to our own particular form of religion, to claim that it can produce a better type. We know and see holy men and women in all churches and it seems rank pride and ignorance to claim any special glory for our way of looking at life. Yet are we saying anything untrue when we assert in the kindest and most unprejudiced way that those who possess the spirit of real liberal religion and who know the loveliness and show it, that their saintliness is of a higher type than is produced in the Orthodox system. Of course religion does not consist in advanced ideas or greater culture or in the possession of correct opinions, but is not the saying true that opinion is character in the making? If a man changes his opinion of God from the Old Testament conception to the loving human father of the New Testament you will always see a change follow in the character of the man. Other things being equal in the day of real religion we should be able to show forth a far holier life than was possible under the old regime.

I cannot escape the feeling that the day of the reaffirmation of the world's greatest truths is about to dawn upon us. The generation before us has been called one of great decline in great convictions, but the period of renewal is at hand. Everywhere men and women are beginning to feel the thrill of the more brotherly, more spiritual gospel. The great spiritual verities are coming to the throne and what is true in the soul of man will be counted the most sacred thing in life. All civilization will change as this comes; industry and politics, homes and schools, churches and scores of our social institutions will feel the thrill of the wide horizon's grander view. Let us forever stamp from our minds that we are not Unitarians or Universalists for intellectual convenience, we are what we are for greater spiritual purpose, to lead the Kingdom of God here.

What in a word is real religion? Is it not that common yet unique quality which we have attributed to Jesus? Is it not simply humanity? We have crowned him with it, and thereby lifted him higher than all worships in the past era ever lifted him. Simple humanity is the rarest, loveliest thing on earth. It seldom does what we expect it will do, it lives by the spirit. And the simple souls of the world come to us as from God, surprising us all the time. You always know what artificial humanity will do. It will only do what others have done. It has to be Orthodox. But the simple soul will give out all the beauty within and all the richness of humanity will shine in the eye and press in the hand. In the days of real religion we allow the soul of our lives and the souls of all lives to come to their own. In simpler, lovelier humanity we shall not only go about doing good but all life will have in it the songs of perpetual spring; "Our earth will a deeper wonder show, our skies a mightier host reveal, and the bells of God will their changes ring with fuller chords and grander peal."

DARKNESS.

Come, blessed Darkness, come, and bring thy balm
For eyes grown weary of the garish Day!
Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,
Thy veiling shadows bearing in thy palm
The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm!
Come with thy patient stars, whose far-off ray
Steals the hot fever of the soul away,
Thy stillness sweeter than a chanted psalm!

O blessed Darkness, Day indeed is fair,
And Light is dear when Summer days are long,
And one by one the harvesters go by;
But so is rest sweet—and surcease from care,
And folded palms, and hush of evensong,
And all the unfathomed silence of the sky.

—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

Dr. Crothers in Wales*

I.

Our readers are invited to follow me in imagination through a portion of Mid-Cardiganshire, now designated for over half a century by the "orthodox" bodies as the "Black Spot." Changes have taken place in the theological conceptions even of Mid-Wales during the past twenty years. The Unitarians of the "Black Spot" have always been respected for their honesty, their culture, and their morals. They are now on the verge of being respected for a good deal of their theological ideas.

Their history in the past cannot be ignored; they were the pioneers of higher education before any Act of Parliament came to their aid. The old Unitarian ministers trained generations of young men for the various universities, for medicine, law, finance and many other departments. It is only during the past ten years that the ministers have ceased to keep schools. Intermediate education is now found over the whole county, but it must not be forgotten that the ground was ploughed and harrowed by the old preachers of the liberal faith.

Dr. Crothers had heard a good deal of this in America through Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, a native of the "Black Spot." Dr. and Mrs. Crothers were anxious to examine the district, to see the chapels, to hear the singing, and to understand something of the secret of the remarkable success of these churches from the eighteenth century to the present day. It was arranged by the Cardiganshire ministers and the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association that I should accompany the two distinguished visitors. My qualifications were supposed to be twofold, and for neither of them am I deserving of credit. I was born and brought up in the county, and I had not quite forgotten the language. It was arranged that each of us should preach three times on the Sunday, motor round the fourteen churches on the Monday, speak to every Unitarian gathering on the way, and complete our visit by preaching two sermons on the Monday evening in the Unitarian church of the ecclesiastical town of Lampeter.

It was arranged that we should meet on the platform at Paddington at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, July 27. When making this arrangement, it did not dawn on me that the holiday season was almost at its height. In fact, my mind was at the country stations of Mid-Cardigan, where everybody knows everybody, and there are not more than a dozen people in evidence to be known. Probably two thousand people were present on Paddington platforms on that morning, and it was hopeless to seek for one another. Our train was to start at 11:30. At 11:27 Dr. Crothers comes to platform No. 3.

"Where is Mrs. Crothers?" I asked. The reply was that she was with the luggage. She could not get the porter to bring the luggage.

"Run," said I, "run, and tell her we have only three minutes, and return immediately. It will never do to go without you, even if we have to go without Mrs. Crothers." Dr. Crothers returned without Mrs. Crothers.

"One minute, guard," said I: "here is the distinguished American coming. Only one minute, Run, run."

We just managed to get the eminent visitor into the only train that would enable us to reach our destination on that day. What were we now to do? Mrs. Crothers—Mrs. Crothers who had set her heart on this visit—who had heard so much of the Black Spot, and her only chance gone! We sat and looked in one another's eyes. What was to be done?

"Tell me," said I, "about her. What is she likely to do?"

"Well," said he, "she is likely to go back to our lodgings."

I suggested that we should wire to her when the train would reach its first stop at Newport. This we did, asking her to travel on Sunday as far as Carmarthen, go to the Ivy Bush Hotel, and remain there until a motor would fetch her early on the Monday morning. We felt a little relieved after making all arrangements at Carmarthen with the driver of the Ivy Bush, and sending a note to the proprietor telling him to take care of her until we (*i. e.,* her husband and I, a member of the Presbyterian Board) should come for her. The Ivy Bush has been known for generations to the members of the Presbyterian Board. It is there the Deputation spends its week at the time of the annual examinations of the Presbyterian College.

"Mind," said I to the Ivy Bush driver, "that you will not miss her on Sunday night. Take this paper, and call out 'Mrs. Crothers from America' from one end of the platform to the other."

"I will find her right enough," was the reply; "I have been many years with the Ivy Bush omnibus, and have never yet failed to find anybody."

Our train left Carmarthen and wended its way now slowly up the hills of Carmarthen.

"You notice the change of speed, Dr. Crothers?"

"Yes, why?"

"The main train has now left us for Fishguard, and our carriage was left behind for this train." We both agreed that we had done what we could. We felt easier and talked more freely. We were able to notice the beautiful scenery up Conwil and on to Pencader. In fact, when we reached Pencader, Dr. Crothers spoke with his old freedom; his old humor reappeared.

"There is something going to happen tonight," said I. "It feels somehow as if things will turn out right. It was fortunate for us to think of the Ivy Bush."

We went out of the station at Pencader and had tea in the village. Another train came in. We went into the Llandyssul train. In a quarter of an hour we stepped out on Llandyssul platform, *and Mrs. Crothers was there.*

We were dazed. The expression of wonder on Dr. Crothers' face, a wonder which changed almost in-

*Because to the average English readers Wales is but a small corner of England, and Welsh the local designation to a small number of Englishmen who through needless obstinacy have neglected to forget the mother tongue, and because the average Unitarian, proud of the heretical traditions and more or less conversant with the heroes of the liberal faith, scarcely know of the existence of this "Black Spot" in South Wales where the Socinian heresies took root nearly a century before Channing preached his Baltimore sermon, and because of the personal relation of the editor of UNITY to this "Black Spot" from which his parents bore him away a babe in arms, proud of their heresy and loyal to the heroic traditions of the faith, and lastly because of the graphic painting, the charming local color, we reprint in the columns this interesting letter, first published in the *Christian Register* of August 22d.

stantaneously into joy was something to be remembered. *She was actually there!* We felt so stunned that we begged to be allowed to walk from the station to Brynhyfryd, and allow Mrs. Crothers to ride. When we reached the house *she was there again.* We felt now *quite sure* that she was there, and, when she told her story, how a second train left Paddington a few minutes after us, on account of the vast traffic, we turned at once to the practical side of things, wired again to London, fearing that the children would have been to Scotland Yard making inquiries for their lost mother. It was good for us that she came. Her exploit gave a rare delicacy to all our journey.

I left Dr. and Mrs. Crothers with Mrs. William James of Brynhyfryd—a house that has maintained an open door for the ministers of free religion ever since it was built. My mind went back to the time when I was there before, nine years ago; then the able, good and faithful William James was there. I returned with his son-in-law, the Rev. T. Arthur Thomas, our minister at Llandyssul and Pantydefaid. Mr. Thomas is one of the best known ministers in the county. Last year he was president of the Cardiganshire Liberal Association. He has been for twelve years editor of the *Ymofynydd* (the Welsh Unitarian magazine) and secretary of the South Wales Unitarian Association. His worth cannot be estimated. He has refused calls to the English ministry, and we dare not lose him from his native county.

Saturday night was cold and wet. Mr. Thomas, his brother, and I hoped that the sun would shine in the morning. In this we were disappointed. It rained in torrents early in the morning. Still, in spite of this, Llandyssul chapel was full to the doors by ten o'clock. Many of the people had to walk five miles, and more, to come. I preached in Welsh. The whole of the large congregation remained for the communion service and partook of it. Dr. Crothers delivered a short address of great beauty, and we all felt that it was good for us to be there.

"Oh," said Mrs. Crothers, "if we could transplant this singing and feeling to America!"

Yes, old and young sang the old Welsh hymns with a fervor originating in a deeper level of the human consciousness than the level of the understanding. They were dealing with things deeper than knowing—with the relationship of the soul and its God. It is this spirit that has kept them alive, and they will remain alive and flourish as long as their religion means a spiritual experience and a consciousness of dependence upon the Divine in the midst of the difficulties and calamities of the world.

In the afternoon we were to preach at Capel-y-Groes, about fourteen miles from Llandyssul. Our good friend, Mr. Josiah Jones, Garthowen, placed his splendid motor car at our disposal and drove us himself. Through heavy rains and over rough roads we traveled through some of the most hilly parts of Mid-Cardigan. Mr. Josiah Jones had been requested to point out Blaencathal to us, the birthplace of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. He pointed out the farm house on the top of the hill sheltered by a copse of fir trees. We stopped for a moment. The yard was full of fowls which made no stir, and the dog neither moved nor barked.

"All this scene," said I, "is contrary to the traditions of Cardiganshire. These traditions state that the fowls all run away when the preachers are passing. They must have been tamed generations ago by Jenkin Lloyd Jones' ancestors."

Dr. and Mrs. Crothers had been requested to pay special attention to everything.

It was a disappointment for us to have our picture later shattered to bits by Mr. Arthur Thomas, who informed us that Jenkin Lloyd Jones had been born on the other side of the road, some way lower down. On the Monday we were able to locate his birthplace, standing in a hollow, and grazing in the fields above and around it were a number of fine black cattle and some sheep.

Reaching Capel-y-Groes at two o'clock, we witnessed a scene long to be remembered. From pulpit to door, from gallery to ceiling, the porch, the road outside the chapel, all was a mass of people. Around the chapel were motors, carriages, traps, bicycles and doubtless other conveyances. Dr. and Mrs. Crothers did not know what to say. Our faithful driver could not get in to hear a word. We both preached and the vast congregation sang with such power as had never been heard by our visitors before. The minister (Rev. David Evans) extended a warm welcome to us. Mr. Evans has been a good and faithful servant. Besides preaching, he kept a successful grammar school for some years, and several of his old pupils are found in the ministry today.

Rev. John Davies of Alltyplaca next spoke. Mr. Davies is the senior minister of the Black Spot. He has been in charge of his present church for nearly fifty years, and is now nearly eighty years of age. Yet age has hardly touched him. He is still a picture of health and strength. He has never been for more than a few days outside the Black Spot, except during the four years of his training at Carmarthen. Mr. Davies is great in many ways. He knows his Bible probably better than anyone in Wales; he is a preacher of great power; I agree with Dr. Gwenogfryn Evans that he is one of the greatest preachers in the world. Dr. Gwenogfyrn Evans stated that Mr. Davies and the late Principal Fairbairn of Oxford were the two greatest preachers in Britain, but Mr. Davies' sermons seem to me to dive deeper and to rise higher than those of Dr. Fairbairn, and certainly they are, and have been for fifty years far more in unison with modern philosophy and spiritual Christianity than even the great sermons of Principal Fairbairn. In Wales, far removed from any towns, the Rev. John Davies has labored for half a century on less than £80 a year. At one time his salary was £30 a year and a pony. Yet he told me on Sunday that he had everything he needed, and certainly he has had, and will continue to have, the affection of the whole parish. If he had belonged to Oxford, he would have been known all over the world; but he would not have been an inch greater as a preacher than he is today, and probably he would have been smaller. Well done, John Davies! May the evening sun illumine his path, and may he remain in harness until the call comes to a higher sphere. We saw the room, above an old stable, where he kept school and taught Latin and Greek to many a Cardiganshire youth.

After the service the whole road was lined with

about seven hundred people. We shook hands and spoke to as many as possible. The great American preacher must have felt tired, although he never complained. I may add that the whole scene surprised him. He could not express an opinion on it; it seemed to have been a revelation of a new thing to him. "Why cannot we," he asked on Monday morning, "repeat this thing in other parts of the world? What is the secret of it all?" The answer is, the conception of religion with these simple people is God and the soul, the soul and its God.

We had ten miles to travel over a heavy, hilly road to Pantydefaid Chapel by six o'clock. Our genial driver had arranged that we should have tea at his house. Here we had the pleasure of meeting the other daughter of William James, the wife of our driver; and I must not forget that their dear little boy became very friendly to us, when he became convinced that we were not doctors of medicine, but two simple Socinian preachers. He then expressed a wish that he should accompany us to the evening service. Who knows what the two bright grandchildren of William James—Mr. Arthur Thomas's little boy and this other little fellow, both of whom have been taught to love Socinian preachers—will mean for the Black Spot in the future?

As we had a few minutes to spare before the evening service, we visited the graveyard at Pantydefaid, and saw where many faithful Unitarians are resting from their labors. We visited the graves of Thomas Thomas and William James. It is difficult to conceive that both have gone. My mind went to the beginning of 1899, when I met them both, after just having "gone to damnation with my eyes open," to quote the judgment of a well-known orthodox minister concerning myself, because I had gone over to the Unitarians. I can never forget their tenderness and kindness and readiness to assist me in every way. It was not quite easy to preach in the midst of memories like these, which crowded themselves into my mind and feeling in the pulpit of the beautiful chapel at Pantydefaid. Here again the chapel was crowded to the doors, and the fervor of the singing was as great as in the afternoon. The minister (Mr. Arthur Thomas) welcomed us, and so did Rev. E. O. Jenkins of Llwynrhydowen. We both preached here, Dr. Crothers in English and I in Welsh. What a sight! Hundreds of people had come through torrential rain and felt none the worse for it all, listened to two sermons, and were even then loath to go away. We returned to Llandyssul, a distance of about five miles away, through torrents of rain once more. Still the weather had but little influence against the success of our day. The people returned to their homes feeling that they belonged to a movement which was world-wide in its significance.

Dr. W. Tudor Jones.

Correspondence

Editor of The UNITY:—At a recent meeting of the Boston Federation of Churches a committee on student work was organized, with representatives from the eight churches most interested in that work, together with the Secretary of the Christian Association, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. The churches at present represented on the committee are: Trinity, Emmanuel, Church of the Messiah, Commonwealth Avenue Baptist, Old South, Mt. Vernon, Union and Central. Other churches interested in student work will be kept in touch with and their representatives added to the committee from time to time. Not long ago these eight churches held a most interesting and helpful worker's conference to discuss the situation. The topics taken up were: "The Student Field and the Churches at Work," "The Church and the New Student," "The Churches' Responsibility for Student Living Conditions," "The Church and Student Opportunities in Social Service." One of the most interesting questions brought up in the discussion was the matter of getting in touch with new students. As you know, there are several thousand young people coming to Boston to study every year from all parts of the country. Many of these have few friends and associations in this city and might find the welcome of the churches of especial value. Story after story could be told of instances where this welcome meant everything to the student, and other stories of instances where for lack of it a student drifted into companionships and influences far from helpful. This Church Committee on Student Work is now undertaking to co-operate with the authorities of the various colleges and institutions, so as to get a complete registration of church affiliation or preference from all incoming students, and then to assign them severally to the care of their various communions. But it was felt that an effort ought also to be made to reach the students through their connections at home. Where this plan has been followed in individual cases the results have been often most satisfactory. At a recent meeting of the committee it was therefore voted to request the editors of the various church papers to call attention in the Fall to the existence of this committee, and to ask parents and pastors to send to its chairman or secretary the names of any of their young people who are coming to Boston to study. These young people will then be called upon by members of their own communions and given the welcome of a church home during their years of study. The committee feels that if pastors and parents would follow this suggestion the churches' opportunity of caring for the students would be greatly enlarged. The committee therefore ask you to give notice of this matter through your columns in such a way as seems most suitable. Names may be sent to the secretary of the committee or to one of the pastors of the churches named above. The chairman of the committee is Dr. Alexander Mann of Trinity Church.

Faithfully yours,

HERBERT D. GALLANDET, Secretary.

Associate Minister Central Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

Notes From the Field

Personal.—The last word from Professor Frederick Starr received at this office is from Teneriffe, Canary Islands, from which point he sends us some more of his timely and talented reviews. He says: "On the 18th of August we sail for Sierra Leone and Liberia, reaching Monrovia at about the end of the month."

Congratulations.—The many friends of the Rev. Newton Mann and of Rev. Dr. Rowena Morse will extend to them congratulations. The life paths that have heretofore run parallel are henceforth merged. Mr. and Mrs. Newton Mann will augment their individualities in a happy union. The wedding took place in The Glen, near Delphi Falls, New York, where the boy Newton found his earliest pulpit, from which he disturbed the echoes. The place as well as the occasion inspired the groom to celebrate the event in a poem too long to be printed here, but these autobiographical stanzas will be appreciated by his friends:

Hear once: (I blush to give it speech!)
In the left wall, *beyond the brink,*
I dug a niche into the shale
And made a dizzy perch and frail
From which I now and then would preach!
The rocks attended well, I think,
The waters' music did not fail.

Few ever threaded the ravine,
Few sought this wood-nymphs' trysting spot;
Haply a student, questing facts
And traces of creation's acts,
Of dryads to be heard or seen—
Voices of canyon, wood, and grot,
And of the spring-flushed cataracts.

* * * *

Not always came I here alone;
Sometimes, though rarely, I could bring
Another lover of the wild
Another Nature-serving child;
And here we seemed the world to own!
While, echoing through the gorge, would ring
Our praise of Beauty undefiled.

Long after then I brought the friend
Who now is more than friend to me,
And told her of my youthful love
For these old rocks, these trees above;
How all pure loves and longings blend
With her dear love which seems to be
On me descending as a dove.

'Tis Nature's primal self confers
Anterior sanction. She is here.
Here now the best between the poles,
A queen alike of heart and souls,
Comes to be mine as I am hers,
Bringing what flowers of hope and cheer,
Gatthered from what immortal knolls!

The First International Eugenics Convention

Darwin's theory of evolution, the survival of the fittest and the influence of environment in the development of organic life, has provoked much controversy, and has sometimes been allowed to remain in the dim domain of speculation like the atomic theory of Epicurus or the Platonic system of ideas. It has at last been recognized as something practical in the social life of the human race. The most sober-minded of physicians, economists and philanthropists have acknowledged that the improvement of the race, the promotion of its happiness, and the prevention of many moral errors depend very largely upon a recognition of such laws as that of heredity. The parents of the coming generation are to be looked to for the furthering of the race's happiness in the future. It is upon this basis that a new science, Eugenics, has been inaugurated and has claimed the attention of the world.

The First International Eugenics Conference, recently held in London, was attended by men and women delegates from America, France, Germany, Norway, Italy, Spain, Greece, and Japan. It is interesting to note that the president of the society was the son of the very Charles Darwin who originated in England the theory of evolution on which its principles are based.

Speaking of this congress the aristocratic *Morning Post* (London) observes:

"Nothing could be more appropriate than that the son of Charles Darwin should preside over the First International Congress on Eugenics. Not only is Major Leonard Darwin the son of the author of the 'Origin of Species,' but he is a member of the family which has produced during the past few generations an extraordinary crop of genius and talent. The Darwin family tree

(Continued on Page 46.)

The Unitarian Advance

A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion

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THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE is for all of us, all together. It aims to be the organ of no restricted section, no segregated group, no separating party, and no "peculiar idea." It stands for "the open door" for ideas, with a square deal for all sides.

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE Stands pre-eminently for the **Forward Movement** in religious thought and activity—for the fundamental principle of Unitarianism.

THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE has a resolute purpose.—but it is not dull about it. It is dead in earnest,—which makes it very much alive. It is progressive,—that is, always interesting. It is not afraid of new ideas; and its editors have the courage of their convictions. Besides, we do not deem it essential always to say things in the same old way.

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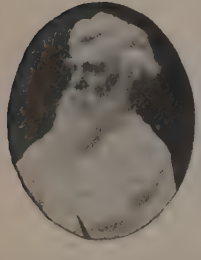
THE UNITARIAN ADVANCE

104 East Twentieth Street, New York

THE EMERSON PAVILION, TOWER HILL, WIS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROF. J. J. SCHOBINGER, CHICAGO.

Tower Hill for the Season of 1913
July 1 to September 18



Now, before the season of 1912 closes, the management, desiring for once to be forehanded, offers the following information concerning plans and possibilities for the season of 1913. Twenty-one successful seasons enable us to put forth our plans with the confidence that, as in preceding seasons, they will be realized. If the past is a criterion, any variations will be *plus* and not *minus* quantities.

LOCATION AND HISTORY. Tower Hill was once "Shot Tower Hill," where, in pre-railroad days, there was a thriving industry carried on in the manufacture of shot, made out of lead hauled across the hills, eighteen to twenty-five miles, from the lead mines of Dodgeville, Mineral Point, etc., the manufactured product being shipped by water to Galena, St. Louis and other Mississippi towns. At the foot of the hill was once the prosperous river town of Helena, a ferry point and large lumber distributing center.

TOWER HILL itself is a bold bluff, rising two hundred feet above the Wisconsin River. It is in the midst of the "dumpling" country, with its bluffs, valleys, fertile farms and endless possibilities for walking, driving and sketching, with the river ever at hand and in view. It is situated in the town of Wyoming, Iowa County, Wisconsin. Its nearest railway connection is Helena, a flag station, created through the initiative and largely for the accommodation of the Tower Hill Summer Encampment. Helena is thirty-five miles west of Madison, about sixty miles east of Prairie du Chien, on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Fare from Chicago is $3.30; from Madison, 70 cents. Tickets can be bought, baggage checked, express matter forwarded by Wells Fargo Express to Helena. Tickets from Helena can be bought and baggage checked at the Hill, Mr. Jones being an authorized agent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road and of the Wells Fargo Express Company. He is also postmaster of the Tower Hill Postoffice, a summer office, open from July 1 to September 18. Two mails a day are sent and received. The Tower Hill conveyance regularly meets the eastbound train about 8 a. m. and the westbound train about 6 p. m. All arriving guests are urged to use one or the other of these trains. Those compelled to come on other trains will have to make special arrangement for conveyance.

THE TOWER HILL PLEASURE COMPANY (Incorporated) owns or controls its own dining-room, icehouse, the Emerson Pavilion, the Anne Mitchell Library, a water system that furnishes the purest of water in abundance to all the cottages, servants' quarters, four family cottages and four long houses.

The dining hall is centrally located and here all cooking and serving of meals for the Hill is carried on.

The Emerson Pavilion, an open-air screened building for public and social gatherings, has a seating capacity of two hundred; also a piano, blackboards, a big fireplace, etc.

The Anne Mitchell Library, donated by Miss Bertha Howe, is a jewel of a building, set in the deep woods, convenient to other public buildings, with wide screened porches, comfortable lounging chairs, a fireplace, between six and seven hundred books, all of which are placed at the disposal of the Hill guests, with no more restrictions than would be observed in their own libraries.

By an arrangement with Mr. Jones, whose farm adjoins the Hill, an abundant garden is successfully maintained, a competent man is in charge all the year round and milk and butter are furnished direct from the model dairy adjoining. The company, which came into possession in 1890, owns about seventy acres, and shareholders in the company are entitled to a building site, assigned in the order of building, in such a way as not to interfere with the view, convenience and privacy of those already settled. The price of shares of stock in the company is fixed at $50.

Private Cottages. The following is a list of cottages, held as personal property, with date of building and present owner's name. The real estate on which they are built belongs to the company:

Westhope .....1891..Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.
Maxwelton .....1892..Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly, Chicago.
Exforth .....1892..Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Chicago.

Fernwood .....1892..Miss Wynne Lackersteen, Indianapolis.
Leafring .....1892..Prof. J. H. Terry, Madison, Wis.
Lanier Cottage.....1898..Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Chicago.
Blaencathal .....1901..Mr. T. R. Lloyd Jones, Madison, Wis.
Wauzeda .....1902..Miss Evelyn H. Walker, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Welawiben .....1903..Miss Bertha M. Howe, Chicago.
Pine Lodge.....1905..Mr. James Smith, Chicago.
Brantwood .....1905..Miss Elizabeth Pingree, California.
Waldesruh .....1905..Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels, Oak Park, Ill.
Ambrose L. Thomas..1909..Mrs. A. L. Thomas, Chicago.
Androscoggin Lodge..1911..Mrs. Julia Kurtz, Milwaukee, Wis.

COMPANY COTTAGES AND LONG HOUSES. The following accommodations are owned or controlled by the Company, and may be rented by the season or for a shorter period:

The Hermitage.....Will comfortably accommodate three or four persons.
Old Helena.....The one relic left of the old historic village. These two cottages are the farthest removed from the dining-hall but have proven particularly acceptable to families with children.
Hotel Extreme.....Rebuilt in 1910. Two rooms, arranged for family.
Unity .....Rebuilt in 1911 on the site of the old "Unity Long House." Double building used by the administration. Not for rent.
Black Hawk Lodge.....Built in 1911. A double roomed cottage.
The Althea.....Rebuilt in 1912 on the site of the old "Woman's Resolve.' A double roomed cottage.
The Annie Laurie...1912..A double roomed cottage.

These seven buildings vary in size and accessibility to dining hall, being adapted to the use of from two to six or seven persons, the majority of them containing two rooms each. Each has a beautiful outlook, screened porches, wash room or rooms with running water and heating accommodations. Some are better adapted to the use of a family and some to the use of individuals.

The rent of these cottages and rooms vary from $6 to $12 per week. Special rates for the season. Individual rooms $3 to $6 per week, according to the number of occupants.

Table Board, Etc. Board at the dining-room for those staying a month or more $5 a week. Others at the rate of $6 per week, or $1 a day for any fraction of a week. Transportation between Helena and Tower Hill, connecting with trains noted above, 50 cents per passenger each way, trunks 50 cents, grips 15 cents. For special trips to meet other trains, $1.50.

Laundry. In connection with the Hill is a laundry of limited capacity. Washing for guests done at ordinary prices so far as the capacity permits. Guests can readily make arrangements to send their laundry by train or otherwise to available laundries.

Summer School. The season for 1913 will open July 13 and close August 10. The subject of Mr. Jones's work in the study of religion will be "The Growth of the Hebrew Religion," being the third year in the seven years' course. The books of the Old Testament will be studied in their approximate chronological order. Detailed program with references is now in print and can be obtained on application. Here again the experience of twenty-two years justifies confident announcement. In addition to this Class in Religion, which occupies the morning hour from 11 to 12:15, work in literature, which this year consisted of twelve studies in Dickens and Browning, will be given to some consecutive work in poetry, the wishes of the class being considered. Students having taken classes under Jenkin Lloyd Jones have successfully passed the examinations and received credit in the University of Chicago, and the University is prepared to grant such privileges to other students who will submit to the requirements.

Miss Bertha Howe will conduct Nature Study classes as she has for several years. The students under her in 1912 were enthusiastic over her work with the plants, birds, trees and bugs that are in evidence on Tower Hill, which is an open text-book.

Every effort will be made to continue the work in music which has been so much enjoyed for years under the delightful leadership of Mrs. Cora Stanton Brown of Indianapolis.

New features not to be anticipated at this distance will doubtless be developed.

The tuition for the course, covering all the privileges of the school, $5; per week, $2; single admission, 25 cents. Family ticket, $7 for the course.

Conditions and Customs. The spirit of Tower Hill, well understood by all those who come within its influence, is religiously democratic, severely simple. It is a place of quiet where the privacy of the individual and the sanctities of the cottage life are respected as religiously as is the custom of law-abiding and considerate people during the remainder of the year.

A tennis ground is available. Boating and bathing are within reach, though the rules of the place are conservative in these directions. Only those are allowed the privileges of the river who are sufficiently mature and trained to guarantee safety. No bathing in the river is allowed except under approved chaperonage.

Sundays. With the exception of the two or more special public services, one of which at least is a Grove Meeting, with two sessions, where noble speakers handle noble themes, Sunday is a day of quiet; boisterousness or anything that would mar the sweetness and sanctity of a day of rest is discouraged. The Evening Vesper Hour, conducted by Mr. Jones, is a feature enjoyed and emphasized by all.

THE TOWER HILL CONGRESS, which in 1912 holds its sixth session at Portage, will come back home and close the Summer School Session of 1913 with a characteristic program under the direction of its old leaders, Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Miss Zona Gale and others.

Points Not to Be Forgotten. Don't forget that the postoffice address is Tower Hill, Wis. That the railroad station for passengers, baggage and express matter is Helena, Wis. That the freight and telegraph office is Spring Green, Wis. All telegrams addressed here will be promptly transmitted by telephone to the Hill. The Hill is in direct connection with long-distance phone, Chicago, Madison, Milwaukee, etc.

In order to be sure of accommodations, applicants should reserve them in advance, paying a reasonable deposit at time of reservation. The accommodations at the Hill are necessarily limited. Those who would enjoy its peculiar privileges and attractions are increasing in number every year, hence the wisdom of this early announcement and the necessity of prompt attention thereto.

All communications concerning board, rooms and cottages should be made to Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, until after July 1; then to Tower Hill, Wis.

In addition to the past and present cottage owners heretofore noted, we refer below to a few friends who know Tower Hill.

Correspondence solicited.

Respectfully submitted,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
President, Tower Hill Pleasure Company.

BERTHA HOWE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Tower Hill, Wis., September 1, 1912.

REFERENCES:

Professor O. G. Libby, University North Dakota, Grand Forks, N. D.
Professor E. C. Perisho, State University, Vermillion, S. D.
Ex.Governor W. D. Hoard, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, Los Angeles, Cal.
Rev. Frank A. Gilmore, Madison, Wis.
Mrs. Amelia Hofer Jerome, Fellowship House, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Mary E. Andrews, Kansas City, Mo.
Rev. Newton Mann, Kenosha, Wis.
F. H. Pattee, Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, superintendent of schools, Kenosha, Wis.
Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Madison, Wis.
George A. Brown, editor "Home and School," Bloomington, Ill.
T. R. Fleming, La Grange, Ill.
Miss Zona Gale, Portage, Wis.
Mrs. Earl M. Pease, Grand Rapids, Wis.
Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, Brotherhood House, Rochester, N. Y.
Judge Alva E. Taylor, Huron, S. D.
Miss Charity Dye, Indianapolis, Ind.
Rev. Oscar C. Helming, Chicago, Ill.
David Lofts, Chicago, Ill.
Professor John J. Schobinger, Morgan Park, Ill.
Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Frederick Douglass Center, Chicago.
Miss Seba Moulton, Faulkner School for Girls, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Miss Charlotte Katherine Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.
Hon. John Blaine, Boscobel, Wis.
Mrs. Wm. Kent, Kentfield, Cal.

(Continued from Page 43.)

in itself is sufficient to show even the casual observer that these doctors and men of science who urge us as a nation to consider carefully the subject of heredity are not merely talking nonsense. The man in the street will tell you that 'So-and-So comes of a clever family,' that 'none-of Such-a-one's people are very strong,' or a thousand other things that imply a considerable knowledge of the facts of inheritance; but he has, as a rule, never considered the matter from the point of view of the nation or of the race. He knows that physical weakness is transmitted from parent to child, that a tendency to certain diseases is hereditary, and that lunacy and weakmindedness occur with extraordinary frequency in certain families. But he considers these things for the most part as the unalterable facts of existence. He takes them for granted. 'The poor, the sick, the lunatic, the criminal,' he says, 'we have with us always. You cannot alter these things.' But is this true? If it were, it would be a very grave and serious thing that all the efforts of mankind to improve the quality of its life should be brought up short in this way by the blank wall of birth. However, doctors and men of science—who, after all, are only human beings possessing a special knowledge of their subjects—tell us that a great deal can be done. More and more they are persuading people today that this great deal must be done, and done as soon as possible. The educational work of the so-called 'Eugenical' societies proceeds apace, and for the moment this is the chief object gained by such a congress as the present. For it is of supreme importance that people should begin to look at the subject of heredity from a national point of view. To do this they must be brought to see the laws of heredity at work on the large scale, and they must be shown the dangers of the present state of things."—*The Literary Digest.*

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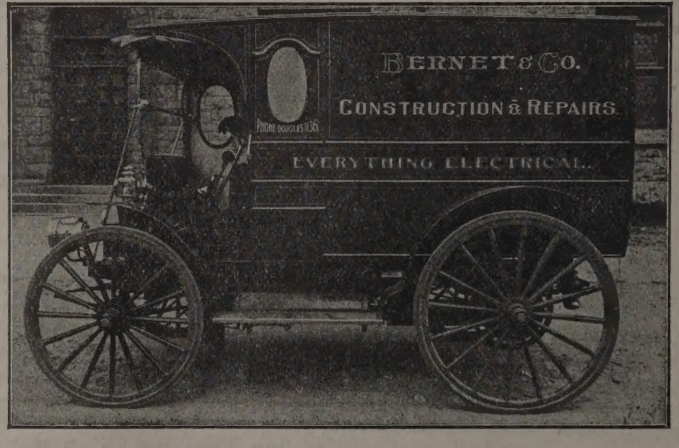

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